





# LARGE PARTY OF VETERANS WELCOME HOME

It was a happy lot of veterans who landed back in Edmonton last night, nineteen in all. Two or three of those previously announced will arrive later, while as many more, whose coming had not been announced, made their appearance. In spite of the wintry landscape, the returned men were all glad to get back again, and the same old refrain, "My, but it is good to be home," was heard on every hand as they left the train.

The annual meeting of the G. W. V. A. prevented the usual turn-out, and the welcome home party at the Villars were on hand at both stations to welcome the returning men. The automobile situation was very tight, and the train pulled in every man with the customary retinue of relations, was speeding away as the train pulled in. The men developed in the arrivals and the men

were all in the boat of spirits. The  
 12th Regt. 1st Div. 1862.  
 Sgt. Chas. Bentley, 406 Alexander  
 dra boat, 151st H.A. Co. 46522  
 1862.  
 Pte. M. Cockroft, Pine Creek, 194th  
 Bn. Co. 90486. Wounded at Vimy.  
 Pte. Wm. Fair, 10850 106th Street,  
 12th Bn. 18425.  
 Corp. Thos. Parley, 2945 46th  
 Street, 3rd C.H.T. Shell shock at  
 Vimy.  
 Pte. R. Gleanch, 9953 110th Street,  
 12th Bn. 18425.  
 Pte. Harold Hurest, 10859 126th  
 Street, Artillery Signal corps, No.  
 107122.  
 Pte. Thos. Irwin, 1004 110th  
 Street, 12th Bn. 107122. Wounded  
 at Vimy Ridge.  
 Pte. Wm. Kay, High Prairie, 135th  
 Bn. 107122. Wounded at Pres-  
 bury.  
 Pte. Hans Larsen, Lloyminster;  
 62nd Bn.; No. 100544. Wounded at  
 Vimy Ridge.  
 Pte. James McLean, 10751 85th  
 avenue; 292nd Bn. Wounded at  
 Lens.  
 Pte. R. H. Newall, Edmond; 49th  
 Bn. No. 423149. Wounded at

Pte. R. Nippson, 9814 87th avenue;  
82nd Batt. (Calgary); No. 160042.  
Wounded at Fresnoy.

Pte. Jas. Smith, 10966 128th street;  
202nd Batt. Wounded at Lens.

Pte. John Scott, Lloydminster;  
151st Batt.; No. 624999. Wounded at  
Vimy Ridge.

Pte. Frank Turnock, 10616 109th  
street; 63rd Batt.; No. 467564.  
Wounded at Ypres, and also at

**SENIOR** York 611 University; science  
and business and wounded at  
Tientsin and Yenchow. 606 HAT.  
No. 104374. Wounded at Arras.  
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**BELOW:**  
Jasper. **2352 and 4626**  
**JASPER MARKET 1317**  
Phone ..... **31125**  
..... **81621**  
44th Street.

81621  
71120  
1315











# **SLUGGISH LIVER CAUSES LOTS OF TROUBLE**

When the liver becomes sluggish it is an indication that the bowels are not working properly, and if they do not move regularly many complications are liable to set in.

Constipation, sick headache, biliousness, indigestion, heartburn, waterbrash, catarrh of the stomach, etc., all come from a disordered liver.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are a safe remedy for all diseases or disorders arising from a slow, sluggish, lazy or cold liver, and they have been used successfully throughout Canada for over 20 years with the greatest success.

W. A. Harrison, 7 Poplar Ave., Halifax, N.S., writes: "I take pleasure in writing you concerning the great good I have received by using Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills for a sluggish liver. When my liver got bad I could have severe headaches, but after using a couple of boxes of your pills, I have not been bothered any more."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c a box at all dealers, or mailed direct at price by The T. M. Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

## **NAVAL VOLUNTEERS LOST**

OTAWA, Jan. 18.—The naval department announces that the following ordinary seamen, members of the 1st Naval Canadian Volunteer Reserve, were lost in the merchant fleet (allied), despite, Furness, on December 12 last: Harold Bennett Lawrence, Henry W. Sloan, R. J. W. William Franklin Roman, Halifax, N.S.

## **Pantages Theatre**

7th PROGRAM BY  
**EDMONTON ORCHESTRA**  
SUNDAY, JANUARY 20,  
8 p.m.  
Soloist: **W. J. HENDRA**  
TENOR  
"THE BETTER CLASS OF MUSIC"

7th Program, Sunday, February 3.

## **SUNDAY RUSSIAN PEACE**

8 p.m.

## **Empire Theatre**

## **EMPIRE**

Mon. Tues. Wed.

**Mae Marsh**  
Late Star in  
"The Birth of a Nation"  
"Intolerance"  
"Poly of the Circus"  
"Under the Sea"  
IN HER GREATEST SUCCESS  
**FIELDS OF HONOR**

PORTRAYING  
THE ASSASSINATION OF FRANCIS FERDINAND  
AND AT SARAJEVO, BOSNIA, THE EVENT  
THAT TRANSFORMED A PEACEFUL WORLD  
INTO A BLOODY BATTLEGROUND.

Thurs. and Fri. Mat. and Eve. and Sat. Mat.  
**Mollie King with Creighton Hale**  
In **"THE SEVEN PEARLS"**  
The Adventures of an American Girl in a Turkish Harem.

**SPECIAL ADDED ATTRACTION**  
**Dorothy Dalton in 'Wild Winship's Widow'**  
MUTT & JEFF. OFFICIAL BRITISH GAZETTE

Coming: Super Attractions Under Our New Open Booking Policy  
"Warrior" Bought & Paid for Daughter of The Clodhopper On Trial Womanhood The Barrier "Alimony" Empty Pockets

EMPIRE HAND PICTURED PROGRAMS

## **CITY HALL NOTES**

"Property burned is gone forever; a burned city does not replace itself; fire insurance does not fully replace burned property, food, clothing and shelter are produced by human effort; labor expended in replacing fire-wrecked property is not replaced by production; fire insurance is added to the cost of goods—wherever buyers think of it. Thus, the fire tax is paid for by the people.

In a communication wherein he makes one of the above arguments, G. H. Brown, member of the National Fire Protection Association, is asking the mayor and city council to undertake a campaign in the city against fire waste. He points out that the fire might be done by newspaper publication, and that such an effort might bring about greater care and attention in regard to fire, thus effecting a saving to the whole community.

In further argument he stated that the fire waste per head in Canada and the United States is \$2, whereas in European countries it is only \$2 cents.

The Red Cross committee is asking that the city employees give 50 per cent. of their salary to the Red Cross special fund. The city commissioners are asking that the matter be taken up by one representative of each department who will discuss it with the remainder of the employees, and report to the commissioners as to the results.

Supt. Dan Olson, of the streets and cleaning department, reports to the city commissioners on the work of the city for the year for the sum of \$10,400. The city commissioners are asking that the city employees give 50 per cent. of their salary to the Red Cross special fund. The city commissioners are asking that the matter be taken up by one representative of each department who will discuss it with the remainder of the employees, and report to the commissioners as to the results.

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That Laurier Park should be leased to the city for the next five years, and that the right of access to the public be preserved, was the decision of the parks and markets committee meeting on Friday morning. The committee recommended that each case be dealt with on its individual merits, the rental desired to be spent in the improvement of the park. It was recommended that the city council be asked for the lease of the park and that the lease be required to take care of the young trees in the plantation at the park.

The city finance committee on Friday morning received a submission from the Alberta Curling association for the 1915-16 season. The committee recommended that the city council be asked for the lease of the park and that the lease be required to take care of the young trees in the plantation at the park.

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**FEEL FINE! TAKE "CASCARETS" FOR LIVER, BOWELS**

Spend 10 cents! Don't stay bilious, sick, headachy, constipated.

Can't harm you! Best cathartic for men, women and children.

Enjoy life! Your system is filled with morning constipation of bile and bowels which keeps you bilious, nervous, irritable, and causes bad breath and stomach ache—Why don't you get a little Cascarets? Take Cascarets tonight and feel better tomorrow. Cascarets are gentle and powerful. They cleanse your system and give you a healthy, happy, clear complexion. They are the only cathartic that does not harm you. They are the only cathartic that does not harm you. They are the only cathartic that does not harm you.

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# **EMPIRE THEATRE Three Days Com. Monday, Jan. 21**

## **: : BIG SPECIAL ATTRACTION : :**

THE UNITED PRODUCING COY., LTD., WILL PRESENT

**OLIVER MOROSCO'S**

**Great New York Comedy Success--**

**REAR MARTIN**

THE COMEDY WITH 1000 LAUGHS AND A TEAR OR TWO.

**BETTER THAN PEG O' MY HEART**

**REMEMBER PLEASE** This is the New York Company and Production which broke records at Walker's Theatre, Winnipeg

**Seats Selling Fast—\$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, 50c—Wed. Mat. \$1.00, 75c, 50c**

**ENTIRE HOUSE ON MONDAY NIGHT PURCHASED BY GREAT WAR VETERANS ASSN.**

AND BRILLIANT BROADWAY CAST, COMING HERE DIRECT FROM NEW YORK AFTER 300 CROWDED NIGHTS AT THE MOROSCO THEATRE.

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE GOODWIN? HE'S WITH HART

The proprietors of the Northern Hotel are asking that a street railway stop may be made at 5th street and the corner of 10th avenue. On behalf of the application it is urged that the hotel guests but also the general public find it very inconvenient here not having a stop at the spot.

Supt. D. C. Robertson, of the city and will go to the Coast for a short time. He is to be allowed a month's pay, and if at that time he has not improved in health his case will be reconsidered.

During December 65 children were taken at the Children's Shelter. Of these, 4 were from the city and 21 sent by the provincial government. Twenty-eight were admitted as illegitimate children, and 10 were discharged. Ten were released to parents and friends, and 10 were placed in homes, seven being adopted.

More damage to the street railway waiting rooms is reported by the track foreman. On Tuesday the lighting at the Bonnie Dope waiting room was attempted and the next day it had been disconnected. At the Packard Plant waiting room the telephone box had been broken into and the receiver cut off. The door of the waiting room at 142nd street was also broken.

**Military Orders**

**RESERVE MILITIA AMBULANCE CORPS**

The R.M. Ambulance corps returned the regular Wednesday evening meeting at City Hall, 10th street, on the 16th. Dr. Geo. H. Macdonald continued his course of lectures on first aid to the injured in his usual interesting manner. The work of the R.M. Ambulance corps is varied, and useful to men wishing to obtain proficiency in ambulance and first aid activities. The knowledge required is laid before them in a most practical manner. There is room in this section of the R.M. Battalion for men wishing to keep in touch with first aid and ambulance duties, as well as those desiring to obtain proficiency in any of the first aid men, in town or country, on lake, sea or river. Men wishing to join should attend at headquarters 500-510, Wednesday evening.

**EDMONTON BATTALION RESERVE MILITIA**

Orders by Lieut. Col. Primrose, commanding the Edmonton Battalion Reserve Militia for the week ending January 26, 1915.

New City Market building, 101st street, Edmonton.

Monday, Jan. 21.—Officers and non-commissioned officers' class at headquarters at 4 p.m. Lecture on "Military Law."

Tuesday.—Recruit practice in basement of MeLeod block at 4 p.m. Wednesday.—Battalion parade at headquarters at 8 p.m. Friday.—Recruit practice in basement of MeLeod block at 4 p.m.

By Order: Lieut. and Adjutant.

**Hotel Arrivals**

**THE MACDONALD**  
T. G. Cool, Wainwright; A. J. Patterson, J. W. Grey, Toronto; Felix Lewis, Ernest Adeline, Montreal; Arnold E. George, Ottawa; R. E. Diehl, Toronto; J. T. Robertson, Montreal; J. A. Kennedy, W. McAlpine, Toronto; P. C. Bernard-Hervey, J. Ryan, Calgary; W. J. Christie, B. Burns, Toronto; J. Aggar-Grey, J. MacDonald, C. H. Hines, G. W. May, Calgary; J. Armstrong, Alameda, B.C.; Mrs. Polakowski, Glenora, Ont.; C. H. Cunningham, Winnipeg; G. Head, Saskatoon; Edw. P. McNeill, MeLeod.

**Head Marriages**  
Jas. L. Morrison, Loughborough; Albert C. 10th and wife, Viking; T. Knowles, Bannock; J. J. Kennedy, Swift Creek; Ed. Samuel Graham, Irma; E. Knowles, Paken; P. E. Peterson, Wainwright; H. L. Hastings, Heston; H. E. Adams and family, Telford; L. W. (Hudson) New Norway; F. W. McMillan, C. P. Hines, A. B. Appleby, Toronto; G. B. Smith, Wainwright; J. MacDonald, C. H. Hines, G. W. May, Calgary; J. Armstrong, Alameda, B.C.; Mrs. Polakowski, Glenora, Ont.; C. H. Cunningham, Winnipeg; G. Head, Saskatoon; Edw. P. McNeill, MeLeod.

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**Hotel Arrivals**

**THE MACDONALD**  
T. G. Cool, Wainwright; A. J. Patterson, J. W. Grey, Toronto; Felix Lewis, Ernest Adeline, Montreal; Arnold E. George, Ottawa; R. E. Diehl, Toronto; J. T. Robertson, Montreal; J. A. Kennedy, W. McAlpine, Toronto; P. C. Bernard-Hervey, J. Ryan, Calgary; W. J. Christie, B. Burns, Toronto; J. Aggar-Grey, J. MacDonald, C. H. Hines, G. W. May, Calgary; J. Armstrong, Alameda, B.C.; Mrs. Polakowski, Glenora, Ont.; C. H. Cunningham, Winnipeg; G. Head, Saskatoon; Edw. P. McNeill, MeLeod.

**Head Marriages**  
Jas. L. Morrison, Loughborough; Albert C. 10th and wife, Viking; T. Knowles, Bannock; J. J. Kennedy, Swift Creek; Ed. Samuel Graham, Irma; E. Knowles, Paken; P. E. Peterson, Wainwright; H. L. Hastings, Heston; H. E. Adams and family, Telford; L. W. (Hudson) New Norway; F. W. McMillan, C. P. Hines, A. B. Appleby, Toronto; G. B. Smith, Wainwright; J. MacDonald, C. H. Hines, G. W. May, Calgary; J. Armstrong, Alameda, B.C.; Mrs. Polakowski, Glenora, Ont.; C. H. Cunningham, Winnipeg; G. Head, Saskatoon; Edw. P. McNeill, MeLeod.



**MONARCH**  
TODAY  
**MARGUERITE CLARK**  
In 'BAB'S Matinee IDOL'

MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY

**W.S. HART**

IN THE POWERFUL PHOTODRAMA OF THE WEST

**The Silent Man**

ALSO LATEST INSTALLMENT  
**WHO IS NUMBER ONE?**

THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDAY

**Clara K. Young**

The Superstar and Her Own Company Present

**"SHIRLEY KAYE"**

By HULBERT FOOTNER  
ALSO ON SAME PROGRAM

**FATTY ARBUCKLE**

In A COUNTRY HERO

KNOW IT'S GOOD

**PANTAGES**  
VAUDEVILLE  
ALL NEXT WEEK AT 3 AND 8:30

THE FUNNIEST ACT IN VAUDEVILLE

**THE LOWANDIES**

AND TOPSY-TURVY RIDERS

**SILVER and DUVAL**

**The LELANDS**

**KRAZY KATS REVUE**

**JOHN AND MAE BURKE**

"THE RAGTIME SOLDIER"

"THE STORY OF THE YBARRA"

## **EDMONTON CONCERT SERIES EIGHTH CONCERT**

**ZOELLNER STRING QUARTET**

Antoinette Zoellner, Violin; Joseph Zoellner, Sr., Violin; Joseph Zoellner, Jr., Violoncello.

**AUDITORIUM First Presby-terian Church**

PRICES: 50c, 75c, and \$1.

Plan at Holburn's Thursday.

**SATURDAY, JANUARY 26th, at 8:30**

**Second Episode of The Fighting Trail**

## News of the Boys' Clubs

## In Our City Churches

[illegible][illegible]

The mid-week session was held at the King Edward school on Wednesday evening when an interesting feature was given by Dr. J. A. McIlhenny on "Hivensia Sex." There

not my wax present to hear lecture but I am sure those who will be wiser for it will be glad to all. After the lecture the Knud his rest, entertained by their ment evening was spent in games of cards and chess, which were very exciting. The boys showing great proficiency in all games. The mentor's wife made a very interesting and helpful talk to the guests, after which they all parted home.

### THE PROGRESSORS' CLUB

The boys of Calvin church held the first meeting of the Progressors' Club. The first period consisted of an interesting lesson from their book "Jesus the Christ."

The test for the night was "Abilities to entertain." An unusually number of guests were present. The test was to win. Two of them tried their skill at bridge and produced the best results. The large number of guests gave either readings or recitations. The test was to win. The marks for these tests ranged from thirty to forty-five out of a possible

After a few hymns were sung the meeting closed.

At the just meeting of the new minister, Mr. Cunningham, will give the practices talk. All members are requested to be on time.

**A SOUND MIND  
IN A SOUND STOMACH**

NATURE NEVER INTENDED THE HUMAN SYSTEM TO BE OVERBURDENED. THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS SOON REBEL UNLESS REGULARIZED. KEEP YOUR STOMACH AND LIVER IN A SOUND, HEALTHY CONDITION BY A JOUCIOUS USE OF

**PARMELEE'S**

DIETETIC PILLS

THEY BRING OUT ALL UNDESIRABLE FOOD AND WILL NOT ONLY PURIFY THE BLOOD AND REGULATE THE LIVER, BUT

**TRY THEM - 25¢ A BOX-ALL DEALERS**

new Stallion Act all stallions which  
Alberta hereafter must be inspected  
Department of Agriculture. The  
inspectors in this district is as follows:

29 AFTERNOON  
29 Edmonton S. (Star Livery)  
15  
20 Edmonton (Exhib. Grds.)  
21 Ardrossan  
21 Holden  
21 Irma  
21  
25 Edgerton  
25  
26  
26 Inlay  
26 Mannville  
27 Innisfree  
28 Mundare  
1 Fort Saskatchewan  
1  
1  
7  
8  
9  
2  
2 Stony Plain  
3 Clyde  
3 Athabasca

Onoway  
Legal  
St. Paul des Metis  
Westlock

mean from 3.00 to 12.00 and after-  
otherwise specified.  
have their stallions at their respective  
above schedule, at the time set, as  
than the time specified in schedule.  
their owners bring in their stallions  
inspection has to be made in the  
are requested to produce regis-  
not have his stallion inspected at  
vicinity and what times to stand  
1918 season, will be required to have  
inspectors at his own expense.  
A. Deputy Minister of Agriculture.

RACING  
FOOTBALL  
SHOOTING

# Varsity Septette Winners Easily From Crescents in Intermediate League Game

Varsity Had Things Their Own Way in First and Third Periods, While in Second Crescents Did Most Effective Work—Score 8 to 3.

The Varsity septette literally wiped the ice with the Crescents in a one-sided hockey game played last night at the Strathcona rink. The score was 8 to 3.

The Varsity started out from the bell and ran in three goals before the Crescents were able to get a shot off. About five minutes before time was called for the first period, they scored another and shortly after Walker, the Varsity star, scored a goal. The Crescents made a spectacular end to each half, making through opposing forwards and defence and scored the fifth goal for Varsity.

However, confidence got the better of Varsity the second half, and the Crescents made an excellent effort to reverse their opponents' lead. McKinnon took the place of Kennedy and the change considerably strengthened the Crescents. H. Geddes was the second hero of the second period, and he netted three goals for his team. All three were the result of rushes by McKinnon, who passed to Geddes and the rest was easy work for him. At the end of this period was Varsity 5, Crescents 3.

The teams again got their stride in the last period, playing excellently.

## Strathcona High School

The recent junior league hockey match with Victoria High did not end favorably for Strathcona High school, whose team was beaten, 3-1. The junior match with Technical on Thursday afternoon turned out better, however, neither team scoring in spite of hard play. The senior team in the bunch of "old timers" for the season, this year, for they are in fine shape and are ready to tick their work in winter sports.

C. A. Curtis, the science instructor, who also manages the hockey team, has been H. since last season, and Mr. Eversen has recently taken his place on the staff.

The girls are going in for hockey this year as well as the boys. The best players will be chosen to form two teams, and the second-class players to form two more. They will be given an hour a week practice at the South school rink, and they are going to get a great little player.

## Curling

### CAPITAL

Last Night's Play  
Campbell, 12; Johnson won.  
McClung, 12; Gillespie, 12.

### THIS WEEK'S DRAW

Charlton vs. Bell.  
Johnson vs. Williams.  
Kelly vs. Edwards.  
Young vs. J. H. Cantley.  
Dunn vs. W. A. Robertson.

### DRAW FOR WEEK

January 21st  
Johnson vs. J. H. Cantley.  
Gifford vs. Gillespie.  
McClung vs. Gillespie.  
Campbell vs. Forth.

### January 22nd

Hall vs. Forth.  
Bell vs. Gifford.  
Johnson vs. Williams.  
McClung vs. Gillespie.

### January 23rd

Turnbull vs. Archibald.  
Johnson vs. Williams.  
Young vs. J. H. Cantley.  
Dunn vs. W. A. Robertson.

### January 24th

Hall vs. Forth.  
Bell vs. Gifford.  
Johnson vs. Williams.  
McClung vs. Gillespie.

### January 25th

Hall vs. Forth.  
Bell vs. Gifford.  
Johnson vs. Williams.  
McClung vs. Gillespie.

### January 26th

Hall vs. Forth.  
Bell vs. Gifford.  
Johnson vs. Williams.  
McClung vs. Gillespie.

### January 27th

Hall vs. Forth.  
Bell vs. Gifford.  
Johnson vs. Williams.  
McClung vs. Gillespie.

### January 28th

Hall vs. Forth.  
Bell vs. Gifford.  
Johnson vs. Williams.  
McClung vs. Gillespie.

### January 29th

Hall vs. Forth.  
Bell vs. Gifford.  
Johnson vs. Williams.  
McClung vs. Gillespie.

### January 30th

Hall vs. Forth.  
Bell vs. Gifford.  
Johnson vs. Williams.  
McClung vs. Gillespie.

### January 31st

Hall vs. Forth.  
Bell vs. Gifford.  
Johnson vs. Williams.  
McClung vs. Gillespie.

### February 1st

Hall vs. Forth.  
Bell vs. Gifford.  
Johnson vs. Williams.  
McClung vs. Gillespie.

### February 2nd

Hall vs. Forth.  
Bell vs. Gifford.  
Johnson vs. Williams.  
McClung vs. Gillespie.

### February 3rd

Hall vs. Forth.  
Bell vs. Gifford.  
Johnson vs. Williams.  
McClung vs. Gillespie.

### February 4th

Hall vs. Forth.  
Bell vs. Gifford.  
Johnson vs. Williams.  
McClung vs. Gillespie.

### February 5th

Hall vs. Forth.  
Bell vs. Gifford.  
Johnson vs. Williams.  
McClung vs. Gillespie.

### February 6th

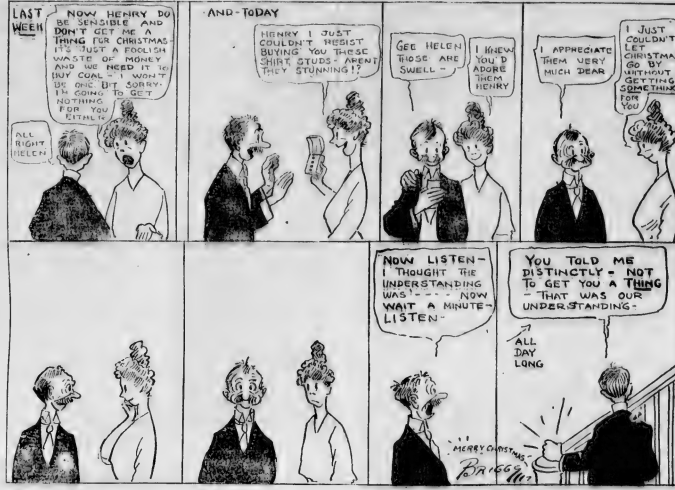
Hall vs. Forth.  
Bell vs. Gifford.  
Johnson vs. Williams.  
McClung vs. Gillespie.

### February 7th

Hall vs. Forth.  
Bell vs. Gifford.  
Johnson vs. Williams.  
McClung vs. Gillespie.

## IT HAPPENS IN THE BEST REGULATED FAMILIES

By BRIGGS



## Sporting Facts and Fancies

George Miller, Otto O'Hara and Ned Smith are predicting their eyes on the prize these days. They belong to a bowling team organized in St. Louis by Billy Byrne.

Down in Havana, where it's nice and warm, John Lohert is dawdling away the winter as none of the race track employees.

Boston fans are delighted with the prospect of a pre-season series between the Red Sox and the Braves. They're a lucky bunch.

More Won Championship in One of Most Frenzied Battles. One of the most frenzied battles in ring history was fought near Toronto during the early part of the year.

Don King faced each other for the first time. The bout was for the heavyweight championship of England and a purse of \$1,000.

Four rounds the fortunes of war favored first one combatant, then the other, but in the forty-second round he got the winning point.

By sending King to the hospital, Don King won the bout in 1917. November, 1917, when he met Young. This time King was the victor, and claimed the belt, but was forfeited it by refusing to meet Mac again.

From that time until 1917, when he fought Mac again, he was the champion of the world. The "grand old man of pugilism," as he came to be called after his retirement, lived just the four or five years.

Don King's championship career of ten years, and his subsequent barbarous career, Jim Mac earned over a million dollars. He died in extreme poverty, but a long time and he was dependent upon the charity of friends.

Old Man's income from his boxing career was about a million dollars. He died in extreme poverty, but a long time and he was dependent upon the charity of friends.

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## PEACE RIVER TO SEND RINKS TO BONSPIEL

Prospects Are for Big Entry at Annual Event Starting on February 5

The prospects of the annual bonspiel to be held in Edmonton starting on Tuesday, January 22, and Edmonton is a very promising one.

Holders the usual entries from near-by towns. The Alberta Curling association, has received entries from the northern parts of the province.

A rink from Peace River, skipped by McMillan, has entered, as well as a rink from Spirit River and other northern parts.

The Manville bonspiel takes place on Tuesday, January 22, and Edmonton will be represented by two teams, skipped by Haines and Garside.

The Ash Brothers' competition is the first of the series.

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## CLONY TATE GETS SHADE OVER ROCKY KANSAS AT BUFFALO

(Special to The Bulletin) BUFFALO, N.Y., Jan. 13.—Clancy Tate, lightweight champion of Canada, shaded Rocky Kansas, the local lightweight in ten fast rounds here tonight.

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## PORTLAND TEAM GOES UP NOTCH BEATING METS

Muldron's Rebounds Show Class and Win Out by Score of 8 to 2.

SEATTLE, Jan. 13.—The Portland team was too much for the Seattle team tonight. Muldron's rebound was the key, registering five points, while the Mets were getting only one in the early periods.

The superior combination of Muldron and the team club on the defensive nearly all the way. The Mets were getting only one in the early periods.

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## When You Need a New Battery

The Willard trade-mark branded into the side of the battery tells the whole story. For that mark is the sign of the Still Better Willard with Threaded Rubber Insulation.

It is the outward and visible sign of the biggest storage battery improvement in years.

It stands for durable, Threaded Rubber Insulation—for a battery in which the need of re-insulating is indefinitely postponed.

Next time you're in, ask us for the booklet B-3, "A Mark with a Meaning for You"—it tells exactly what the Willard Mark stands for.

## The Motor Car Supply Co. Ltd.

10623 Jasper Avenue (Corona Hotel Block)

STORAGE BATTERY

Willard

SERVICE STATION

Willard

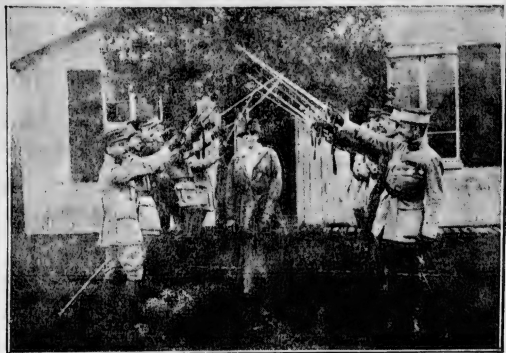
Willard

Willard

Willard

# Bulletin's Pictorial Review of Events of the Week

## NURSE HEROINE WINS FRENCH WAR CROSS



Miss Georgia Fyfe, a British war nurse, leaving the French headquarters in Flanders through an arch of swords after having been decorated with the Croix de Guerre. Miss Fyfe was awarded the coveted decoration for distinguished bravery under fire. During a recent enemy attack Miss Fyfe went to the first line trenches and aided in the rescue of the severely wounded Poilus.

## BRITISH TANK CAPTURES BIG GERMAN GUN



After a British tank during the recent Cambrai offensive had driven the crew from one of the great German naval guns, used on the defense, the men rushed forth, and hitching it to their tank towed it to their lines. The photograph shows the gun passing through a lane of British soldiers.

## FRENCH COLONIAL TROOPS IN CAMP IN MOROCCO



Native troops in camp at Tombadet on High Moulonga in Morocco. These men, considered among the finest horsemen in the world, have distinguished themselves many times while fighting for France in the Western front. They sleep in the open whenever possible, and use the modern barracks seen at the top of the hill in inclement weather only.

## AIDING UNCLE SAM IN WAR DUTIES



Lieut.-Col. Samuel McRoberts, who will have charge of feeding, clothing and equipping the U.S. divisions.

Major-Gen. James Parker, named to command at Camp Custer, and soon to leave for France.

Major-Gen. R. L. Bullard, who will replace Maj.-Gen. Sibert as second in command to Gen. Pershing.

## GROVER CLEVELAND ALEXANDER



Celebrated baseball player as he looks when trapshooting.

## LIBERAL LEADER



Mr. William Proudfoot, chosen leader of the Ontario Liberal party.

## NO. 1 CANADIAN GENERAL HOSPITAL IN FRANCE



This team of soldier-ballplayers from the Dominion has been officially recognized by the French government as one of the instructional units whose duty it is to teach Allied sports to the Poilus. Several of the members of the team bear three and four wounds each.

## THREE MONTREAL MEN HONORED FOR WAR SERVICES



Sir Arthur Harris, made Knight Commander of the British Empire for his services as director of overseas transports.

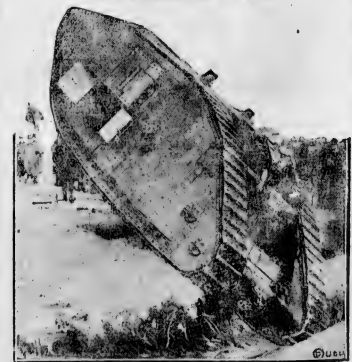


Gerald Birks, indefatigable M.C.A. worker, who has been made an officer of the new Order of the British Empire.



Howard Murray, on the Imperial Munitions Board, made an officer of the new Order of the British Empire.

## TANK STANDS ON ITS TAIL



The Britannia is being used at Camp Upton, where United States soldiers learn from its display the use of machines of war. The driver here shot the trench before him at the wrong angle and the tank tipped on one corner. The tank will tour Richmond, Augusta, Birmingham, Mobile, New Orleans, Memphis and Louisville.

## THE GALLANT LONDON TERRITORIALS



A dispatch from the British correspondent in Palestine says the Turkish attack to recapture Jerusalem was defeated through the bravery of the London Territorials. They met attack after attack with magnificent steadiness, standing like rocks against the most furious onslaughts and yielding not an inch of ground. The picture shows four of the non-commissioned officers of one of the battalions of these London troops, which has seen service in France, Saloniki and Egypt, afterwards going into Palestine. The picture was taken at the Sphinx and Pyramids at Cairo.



The Battle of Flanders—Men of a midland regiment entraining after a spell in the trenches.

—Photo by Courtesy of C.P.I.L.

**\$100,000 EXPORT CATTLE CASH  
BUYING IMPORTED PURE BREDS  
ON OLD TIME RIBSTONE RANCHES**

**Cow Punching Days Are Done Since Homestead Settlement Turned Old Open Range Into Fenced Checkered Fields Around Ozar, Where C.P.R. Crosses Ribstone Creek—Cow Pony Displaced by Automobile Around Sounding Lake.**

(By H. W. Laughry, Ozar, Alta.)

Ten years ago the cry was raised that ranching had been strangled on the prairies of Alberta, that following the stockyard in the cool of a summer's morning instead of wearing his hoofs to the quick and his steaks to soup-bones he had in the days of

by thousands in the night-time of the cattle industry of the country. The ranchers, however, were not the advancing, hordes of greedy seekers the cattlemen were being made out to be. They were still giving the meat supply dependent on much depleted, flat pasture and the few cattle they had left to graze gave place to the new. The cowboy came more uneasy than during the Hubble Creek and around the time of the great drought. Many of the best established ranches had been sold and the owners of the ranches had invariably staked their little all on the possession of

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# *The Bulletin Magazine*

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1918.

## FICTION MAGAZINE



deck, and went to the mill to look for David.

She called Lynden aside and told him everything. But he was unimpressed; he still refused to believe that Brunne would do such an unspeakable thing. Isabella was provoked! As she turned away she remembered that she had left her vanity box in the office, and she hastened there for it.

When she entered, Superintendent Brunne jammed up a telephone receiver, rose, and looked frustrated. To Isabella here was further proof of Brunne's guilt. She recovered the little toilet article and went home.

A letter had come to her from her sister Letitia in Pinesboro that day, and she read it again before she reached Mrs. O'Connell's. Pinesboro was booming, and the thousand that Florence had invested in town lots had already doubled itself. Letitia was prospering amazingly, too; her millinery store had all the trade it could handle, and more. All of which caused Isabella to tell herself that she needn't hope to win her uncle's reward.

Once in the seclusion of her room at Mrs. O'Connell's, Isabella sat down and went into council with herself. There was, evidently, no way of convincing David Lynden that Brunne was not above suspicion. She was thoroughly exasperated at David's doglike faith in Brunne. Then she laid another wee plan.

When Lynden came in she met him in the lower hallway.

"Listen, David," she whispered; "at supper you're going to ask me to go to an opera with you tonight, and I'm going to accept. Now don't forget!"

Lynden's face showed surprise. It was very unlike her to say things like that. But she left him before he could stammer out a question.

They started early. Isabella wore a thin, dark dress and carried a thin and dark lacy wrap over one arm. When they were two blocks from the boarding-house the girl led her escort out a street toward Brunne's boarding-house.

"We're going to see whether the superintendent goes out tonight, David," explained Isabella. "And if he does go out, we're going to follow him."

BRUNNE did go out that night, and the two shadowed him. He went directly to the river front, and when he reached it Lynden and Isabella were not far behind him. He finally drew up beside a large gasoline launch whose dim riding-light did little to lessen the blackness. The girl and her companion halted in the thick shadows. They heard Brunne call out guardedly, and then they saw the heavy figure of a riverman appear on the launch's deck.

The heavily built man pointed toward the indistinct shape of a big box that lay near his feet. Brunne sprang aboard the little vessel and went to the light, and there he counted out a sum of money and gave it to the riverman.

Lynden, now convinced, whispered to Isabella:

"Get a policeman!"

Isabella ran, and Lynden leaped to the launch's deck and seized the stealer of his model by the coat collar. Brunne wheeled and struck blindly, twisting himself loose. Then the other man came

into the fight, and it became a whirlwind affair that transferred itself to the wharf, because there wasn't room for it on the vessel's deck. Lynden fought heroically, but to win out over both of them was not possible for him.

When Isabella returned with an officer her great friend was lying inert on the rotting wharf, and the launch was nowhere in sight. The policeman examined the unconscious Lynden with the aid of a flashlight.

"There's a deep gash in his head,"

as a partner as soon as you can put five thousand into the business. You won't be bothered with Brunne, you know; he's gone for good. What do you say?"

David Lynden's hopes concerning his engine had been so roscate that it was hard to throw them aside forever. He frowned and began to stare at nothing in particular. Finally he looked toward Isabella, as though he wanted her opinion in regard to the matter.

"Seems to me it's your chance," murmured Isabella—and then she blushed.



"It's gone," he said tragically. "It has been stolen!"

"Yes, it's my chance," said Lynden. "I agree, Mr. Messengale."

The two men shook hands, and Messengale rose and took his departure. Isabella sat down in the chair her employer had just vacated.

"You acted wisely, David," she declared. "You can make yourself a power in the world of lumbering if you try. I hope I shall keep my place in the mill office; it will give me pleasure to watch you climb upward. I congratulate you, David."

He caught her hand in both his own. "Isabella," he smiled, "I am very strongly beset with the temptation to ask you to marry me and leave the mill office for a little cottage in one of the suburbs. I—I wonder if you'd even consider taking such a good-for-nothing fellow as me for a husband?"

"You might ask me, David," sweetly said Isabella, "and see."

THREE years from the day of his generous offer to his niece, Joe Trafter again breezed into Pinesboro. He halted before a sign on the main street, and he seemed puzzled. Who on earth, he demanded of himself, was "L. K. Trafter, Millinery?"

A stately woman who looked older than she should have looked rushed out to meet him. He noted that she wore a great deal of rather expensive jewelry.

"Uncle Joe" she cried; and it was like a peacan of victory.

"Letitia!" laughed Joe Trafter. "Why, yuh bloated billionaire! I reckon I might as well peel off the fifty hundred iron boys, hadn't I?"

Letitia was sure of it, but she wisely refrained from telling him so.

"There's Florence," she dulcetted. "Florence has the postoffice, and she's been making some money in real estate."

And then Letitia modestly began to speak of her own success. Letitia, so to speak, had her deposit slip already made out.

And so had Florence, for that matter. Florence, too, looked older than she should have looked.

As for poor little Isabella, sadly said the older sisters, she had married a sawmill man—a sawmill man!—and was living in one of the suburbs of New Orleans. Isabella, of course, was quite out of the running.

But Uncle Joe wanted to be sure. So to Isabella's they went.

The three of them found the cottage easily. There were flowers of a score of kinds blooming in the yard, and everything, everywhere, seemed as neat as a new gold coin.

The visitors walked in on their toes, soundlessly, ready to surprise poor little Isabella. The sitting-room door stood

slightly open, and there they halted and peered in. In there sat Isabella in a cozy, old-fashioned chair; she was rocking slowly and crooning a tender little mother song:

"By-lo, baby, by-lo—"

to a rosy-cheeked babe that lay half asleep in her arms.

Joe Trafter had quite forgotten to remove his broad-rimmed hat; he thought of it now. Then he turned to the two older sisters, and he knew loving, erring humanity well enough to recognize the shadow of a great regret on their countenances. One of his sunburned fingers straightened toward unsuspecting Isabella, who was still singing.

"Do yuh think," he whispered, his eyes shining brightly, "that either of yuh's accomplished anything that's fit to be mentioned on the same day with that? Isabella gets the prize. Now what have yuh got to say—yuh two mavericks who traded off your divine birthrights, something like that fool Esau, for a mess o' porridge?"

Letitia was struggling to keep the tears back, and so was Florence. But they were not tears of chagrin. These were no longer sisters to the sisters of the original Cinderella.

"I'd swell the prize by a thousand," Letitia whispered thickly, "but I'm going to m-m-marry, Uncle Joe."

"Exactly the same report from this precinct," smiled Florence, who had thought of dabbling in politics.

They went into the sitting-room, and the five of them embraced and kissed one another and rejoiced generally. Isabella kissed Uncle Joe again when he gave her the check—for with the aid of that David would be immediately elected to a partnership with old Franklin Messengale.

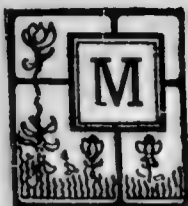
When Lynden came home that evening he showed them a letter that a patent attorney had written to Marvin Brunne more than a year before; Brunne had mailed it to Lynden from some point in Canada. The letter stated that the compound engine was in every detail a perfect duplicate of an engine that had been invented and patented by one Jonathan Hornblower, a contemporary of James Watt, in the year of our Lord 1764.

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# THE LAST FLARE

By Emily Calvin Blake

Illustrated by Bess Bethell



RS. BERNSTEIN called at her lawyer's office one warm summer day. She was greatly perturbed as she sank her portly person into a leather chair.

"Your mother again, Mrs. Bernstein?" the lawyer asked, snapping his watch. He had a case on for 2 o'clock, and Mrs. Bernstein's plaints were apt to be long drawn out.

"Oh, my God, Mr. Hirsch, the Talmud says, 'Commit a sin twice, it will seem a sin no longer.' That's my mother. Seventy-four she is next week, and twice she wants marriage."

"Now Mrs. Bernstein," said Mr. Hirsch, seating himself at his glass-topped desk, "your mother wouldn't think of anything so stupid at her age. You excite yourself for nothing. And besides which marriage is not a sin!"

"At her age it is," moaned Mrs. Bernstein; "especially so it is that my children are to inherit from their grandmother. And you know yourself, Mr. Hirsch, how much trouble we have that sometime she might leave property to other relations. And now it is there is a man."

"Well, who is the man?" asked Mr. Hirsch directly.

Mrs. Bernstein moved back and forth in the leather chair. Her comely face was now wet with tears.

"Oh, my father, selig," she began, "that my mother should so soon forget you!"

"Your father's been dead fifteen years," said Mr. Hirsch bluntly. "Now who is the man?"

"She says nothing to me," Mrs. Bernstein replied, "but she talks to others, and you know it yourself, Mr. Hirsch, the Talmud says, 'Thy friend has a friend and thy friend's friend has a friend; be discreet.'"

Mr. Hirsch rose; his careful English slipped away.

"If it is you came to quote the Talmud to me, Mrs. Bernstein, then I send my stenographer in. She may be gratified to hear. My living I got to make it, Mrs. Bernstein."

"Well, the truth is, Mr. Hirsch," began Mrs. Bernstein, "my poor mamma she mourns all the time for my father selig; her tears and her black widow's veil, going green it is now, but she still clings to it. We, my husband and I, go along in comfort, thinking our children will inherit from their grandmother, when now all out of a sky that is clear she stops mourning for my father, who, say what you please, Mr. Hirsch, was a great man."

"He was great, maybe, Mrs. Bernstein, in his family's bosom; outside he was a fine trickster; money he could collect twice by making a receipt look to be something."

♦ ♦ ♦

MRS. BERNSTEIN'S face, with a fond pride.

"Yes, I know it too well, Mr. Hirsch. And now she takes off her widow's veil and goes to walking through the park every afternoon; hot or anything, it doesn't matter, to the park she goes."

"Well," said Mr. Hirsch, "I think you're foolish to worry on such slight evidence."

"Well, believe me, in my heart I know she is thinking mischief. Suppose it there is truth then in the whole thing, Mr. Hirsch, how can it we make the marriage safe from the new husband?"

Mr. Hirsch thought a few minutes.

"Well, it could be done," he concluded at last. "I could draw up a marriage settlement so the husband signs to give up all right to the property of his bride."

"God be thanked!" cried Mrs. Bernstein fervently as she rose from her chair

"Make it your bill reasonable," she said. "The Talmud says, 'Two pieces of coin in one bag makes more noise than a hundred.'"

and walked to the door. "Make it your bill reasonable, Mr. Hirsch. The Talmud says, 'Two pieces of coin in one bag makes more noise than a hundred.'"

Reaching home, Mrs. Bernstein inquired at once for her mother.

"Grandma's gone for a walk," said Michael, Mrs. Bernstein's eldest son. "She said to tell you not to worry; it is cool in the park, and always she feels the heat so."

"Go and find her, Michael," urged his mother; bring her straight home. I don't like that park business."

♦ ♦ ♦

MICHAEL went forth obediently and returned in short order with his grandmother, who, peevish at the surveillance, went at once to her own room.

"What was your grandma doing, Michael?" asked Mrs. Bernstein.

"Just sitting by the pond watching that old skeleton of a boatman with the rowboats. He's a funny looking old duck; he wears a big overcoat on the hottest day."

"Well, Michael, many a man, says the Talmud, goes hot in winter and cold in summer."

"Why should mamma watch an old skeleton of a boatman in the park if it isn't mischief she is up to?" inquired Mrs. Bernstein of her husband that night.

"Now you needn't fear there, Retta," answered Mr. Bernstein promptly; "only a guy would hook in boats for a living."

"Oh, I don't know. Did you notice at supper time mamma says she'd like a little home of her own?"

"See here, Retta, if you worry so, let's go by the rabbi and get his advice."

So when Mrs. Kahn, Mrs. Bernstein's errant mother, was safely in bed, Mr. and Mrs. Bernstein went to the rabbi's house. The old rabbi listened carefully to their plaint.

"So like a child my mother acts," finished Mrs. Bernstein. "But I know something she has up her sleeve. Twice already she has mentioned a shadchen. What does that mean, rabbi?"

"Nothing," he answered easily. "But if like a child your mother acts, Mrs. Bernstein, like a child treat her. Give her a party, make your house happy and merry till she settles down again."

The idea struck Mrs. Bernstein favorably.

"A party I will give for her birthday next week. If to keep her excited will make her forget marriage, then I keep her excited."

"You are a smart man, rabbi," said Mr. Bernstein. "My wife she worries all the time."

"Do as I say," said the rabbi, stroking his white beard; "keep her busy like a child, and like a child she forgets her mischief."

Like a child indeed was Mrs. Kahn when she heard she was to have a party on her seventy-fourth birthday. She herself wrote out the list of invitations, and Mrs. Bernstein's sharp eye scanned it many times to make sure that no one invited might be termed eligible for Mrs. Kahn's adventures. Mostly married couples, a few unattached young ladies, Mrs. Cowen, a widow and an old family friend.

Everybody invited came except Mrs. Cowen. But at 9 o'clock, when the merriment was at high tide and Mrs. Kahn,

Gentle. Marriage broker.

her eyes sparkling with pleasure, viewed her guests, the telephone rang.

"I will answer it, mamma," cried Mrs. Bernstein, the alert.

At the telephone she found Mrs. Cowen.

"Oh, Mrs. Bernstein," began Mrs. Cowen, "maybe I can't come to your mamma's party, and my heart is broke about that."

"What is the trouble?"

"My cousin comes tonight to visit me, and I have not seen him for months. He stays and stays." She hesitated a moment. "Might it be I could bring him along?"

"I never hear you speak of a cousin before," said Mrs. Bernstein.

"I am not so proud of him, Mrs. Bernstein, as to talk about him, but at least he attends me through the dark streets to your home."

"You know like I know, Mrs. Cowen, the danger. Does your cousin have a wife?"

"No; it is that he has mourned for a long time. His wife Sarah he buried four years ago."

"Is he old or young?"

"What would you call me, Mrs. Bernstein? Well, my cousin he is not so old either." Mrs. Cowen paused a moment to end with dignity: "I assure you, Mrs. Bernstein, I wouldn't to force myself on your party, nor my cousin either."

"You know as well as I do," said Mrs. Bernstein, "when a lady like my mamma begins to talk of a shadchen, then my poor children stand to lose what is theirs by rights."

"I give you my word of honor about my cousin," said Mrs. Cowen; "nights he tells me he cries straight through for his Sarah."

"Bring your cousin, then," said Mrs. Bernstein; "we will make him welcome."

At 9:30 then Mrs. Cowen arrived with her cousin, Emanuel Silverman. He was a small man, well over 60, and he was such a widower, still wearing a black band around his hat.

♦ ♦ ♦

HOT as the night was, he wore an overcoat. As he bowed over Mrs. Bernstein's hand he murmured:

"I am not of the warm blood, Mrs. Bernstein."

"For that you need not apologize to me, Mr. Silverman," said Mrs. Bernstein brightly. "We all have our funny ways. My mother wears always her wig a little to one side. You with your overcoat in summer is not so strange either."

Alas, it was only when Mrs. Bernstein's mother was to be seen approaching eagerly the lately arrived guests that a dread memory came to Mrs. Bernstein.

What was it Michael had said awhile back, speaking of the man in the park? "An old skeleton—wearing an overcoat in the hottest weather!"

So overcome was she that she could not speak, and so it was that Mrs. Cowen brightly made the introduction.

"Mrs. Kahn, honors for your birthday, and I have brought you another one to celebrate. My cousin, Emanuel Silverman."

"I know it well your cousin, Mr. Silverman, by sight," said Mrs. Kahn, flashing undimmed black eyes at the little man still standing clad in his overcoat. "Often I have watched him in the park, but could not speak without proper introductions."

"You I have seen, too," he answered. "I am boatman by the pond."

"I notice a black band around your hat," said Mrs. Kahn in a sympathetic voice.

"My wife Sarah, selig," he whispered. "She leaves me alone four years ago." He wiped his eyes on a drab looking handkerchief.

"I know your grief," responded Mrs. Kahn; "my husband, selig, he leaves me a widow years ago. He was a great man, believe me, Mr. Silverman; if ever we have a few words, he is always sorry."

Now Mrs. Bernstein moved away. Two such mourners as these might safely be left together.

"Sit down, Mrs. Kahn," said Mr. Silverman; "it isn't so nice that one with your grief should stand even at her own party."

"Only when you take off your overcoat," said Mrs. Kahn graciously.

He took off his overcoat, placed it on a near couch, drew two chairs together. Both sat down, Mr. Silverman very slowly.

"The rheumatism," he explained. "Sarah always told me the job I held at the pond would maybe kill me. But she knew so much of liniments, Mrs. Kahn."

"I have a fine liniment," said Mrs. Kahn eagerly.

And so the innocent talk went on.

The party was a brilliant success except that Mrs. Kahn forgot to give Mr. Silverman the recipe for the famous liniment. But Mr. Silverman appeared one Sunday afternoon, remained an hour or so, and left with the precious recipe in his overcoat pocket.

Mrs. Kahn hinted no more of employing a shadchen, and Mrs. Bernstein's fears were quite at rest till one never to be forgotten Monday evening which brought Mr. Silverman.

♦ ♦ ♦

MICHAEL opened the door, and Mr. Silverman walked with a peculiar new gait of familiarity out into the dining-room, where, at the big round table, sat Mr. and Mrs. Bernstein. In her rocking chair in the corner Mrs. Kahn moved back and forth complacently, her black wig a little to one side.

All greeted the visitor courteously, and Mr. Bernstein indicated a chair.

"We like it to sit around the dining-room table," he said; "one light does for all."

"I know, I know," said Mr. Silverman understandingly.

"Your rheumatism, Mr. Silverman, how is that?" asked Mrs. Bernstein kindly. "Mamma's liniment rubbed it away, I hope, Mr. Silverman?"

Mr. Silverman leaned forward a little. His voice was low but vibrant.

"I hope you won't always call me that," he said, and cast a sweet glance at Mrs. Kahn.

"What!" screamed Mrs. Bernstein.

"You should call me papa," advised Mr. Silverman. "It ain't right a daughter should be so stand-off."

"Is it you've gone crazy, Mr. Silverman?" asked Mrs. Bernstein in icy tones. "And where is it your love for your Sarah—always talking of her and saying you should never forget her?"

He smiled sadly.

"That is it. Your mamma and I have had our grief. We shall not forget our dead; is it not so, Rachel mine?"

Mrs. Kahn, thus far silent, but now addressed so endearingly, nodded vigorously.

"Now it is we must steal a little time to talk of those who were so great, but Emanuel he thinks it better we should marry and talk together in our own place."

Mr. Bernstein now lent a hand.

"Is it that Emanuel knows you have money, poor mamma?" he asked.

Emanuel now looked his indignation.

"And so that is your trouble, Mr. Bernstein?" He shook his head, made a little clicking sound with his tongue and

the campus on their way home from the picture show. They reached the science building before Verna realized whither her steps were leading her.

"Why did we come 'way up here?" she demanded. "It's too cold to loiter outdoors tonight."

Gunkel laughed.

"Right, my dear one. However, since we have come this far, let us make use of our opportunity. I left some papers in the laboratory this morning when I was there with your father. You have a key, darling—have you not? I could call the janitor, but—"

Verna slid her hand in her pocket.

"Don't bother," she said quickly; "I have a key."

New and totally unformed suspicions were shaping themselves in her head. She was trembling violently as she followed her fiancé into the dark halls of the building and felt for the electric switch that illuminated the laboratory.

She wondered if she were taking a fool's chance.

"Now," she said sweetly, "run in and find your papers. I'll wait here in the hall."

She was desperate. It seemed to her that she could not wait another moment to know Henri Gunkel in his true light. And she sang softly to cover up her observations as she paced back and forth outside the door that he entered and closed behind him.

The man was clever. He did not go at once to the safe where the formula was hidden. He puttered about among the tubes and bottles on a shelf and cast wary glances over his shoulder from time to time. The act was not going off as he had expected it to. He had thought to overpower and chloroform the girl who accompanied him to the laboratory, but her offer to remain in the hall had removed the need of brutality. He could pocket the formula and rejoin her before she had time to suspect him. By morning he could be—

He reached the safe and caressed the lock with his slender fingers. He had memorized the combination. The door swung open.

The girl in the hall knelt on the floor but a second. The keyhole framed the picture she had dreaded yet somehow expected to see.

She sprang to her feet and raced for the door.

In the dark entrance she collided with a man. He caught her in his arms, and she cried out at the strangeness of his garments. The man himself was oddly familiar. She could not see his face, and he uttered no sound, but she knew that she had found a friend.

"In the laboratory—" she whispered weakly; "you must save the formula. He is going to steal—steal—steal—"

Her unknown friend thrust her roughly aside and bolted past her. As he entered the square of light in the hall she glimpsed his face. The strange man was Evan Winters—in a sailor's suit. She laughed hysterically and staggered after him.

"Evan!" she screamed, "come back—come back!"

A gun went off, something heavy fell with a crash, and the door stretched out its arms to her. She fainted.

Some time later that night Verna Scotchbrook opened her eyes wondering. She was lying on the parlor sofa in her own home, and three people hovered

above her like so many guardian angels.

There was Simson Scotchbrook, wide-eyed and blinking, his thin arm encircling his wife's shoulder protectingly.

There was Phoebe Scotchbrook, tear-stained and eager, her wrinkled face flushed with embarrassment and happiness due to her husband's unusual attention.

And there was Evan Winters.

"Did—did you get him?" Verna demanded. "Did you save the papers?"

It was her mother who answered her. "Get him? I should say Evan did! He wasn't a Frenchman at all, honey. He was one of the cleverest spies in the German secret service. The government has been after him for weeks. Now maybe you'll believe your old mother when she tells you to let chattering foreigners alone. Maybe you'll pick some one who talks your own language next time."

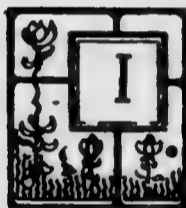
Not until the pastist and the futurist had left the room did Evan Winters bend to kiss the lips of the presentist. Her arms were about him when he spoke. And he said the obvious thing.

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# Her Great Accomplishment

By Hapsburg Liebe

Illustrated by Ben Cohen



KNOW Colonel Bynum Trafter long before I knew his second wife, and I liked him immensely; and when I came to know his Paulyne—she spelled it like that—I was sorely dis-

appointed in her. Not in her outward appearance, however, for she was handsome enough. It was that unrefined and ceaseless way of talking that she had that stung me. She had never been used to much, and she took great pains to show it, I thought.

It was Isabella, the colonel's youngest daughter, who suffered most by this unwise second marriage. Isabella had always sung a mild accompaniment, so to speak, to the songs of her stately sisters, Letitia and Florence; now she became a sort of Cinderella. She was the prettiest of the three girls, by far. She was 20, Letitia was 23 and Florence was 25 when her father chose a rather young wife from a people whose blood was not at all blue.

A year later Colonel Trafter was buried, and the stepmother forthwith began to make the Cinderella part unbearable for the youngest daughter.

Just when Isabella was most miserable her father's brother came in from Texas. Joe Trafter was a bluff old westerner, and he was by no means a pauper. When he had been in Pinesboro for two days he corralled his nieces in the old-fashioned parlor and soon had their attention hog-tied.

"I'm goin' to make yuh a sportin' proposition, girls," he drawled smilingly. "I'm goin' to give yuh each a thousand dollars; and the one who shows me the greatest accomplishment at the end of three years from today gets \$5,000 more as a reward. Letitia, find me a pen, if yuh please."

He wrote them checks. The next day he left for his home in Texas.

The Pinesborolites had always said that Letitia was perfectly grand with hats. Letitia bought the Pinesboro millinery store and went into business for herself; she was determined to have the five thousand. So was Florence determined to win the prize; she put her money in town lots and went after the postoffice job; and she got it.

Isabella, the demure, left the intolerant stepmother and hastened to New Orleans to seek her fortune. She put nine-tenths of her thousand in a bank, established herself at the quite respectable boarding-house of a certain Mrs. O'Con-

nell, and found a position as pianist in a moving picture theater.

Her fellow boarders were a mixed lot, and among them there was a quiet and good-looking young man named Lynden, whom Isabella at once liked. A month passed, and Lynden showed more and more the unmistakable qualities of a gentleman. The two very easily became friends.

Then Isabella fell into difficulties. She found her theater closed, and there was no other position of that kind to be had. She knew no other work. For long days she walked the great city's crowded streets, and found not even hope. The little she had been able to add to her bank account was going so very fast. She then increased her efforts to find a place.

One dreary evening, shortly after nightfall, she halted before a placard that hung beside a broad door in a part of the city that was strange to her. The placard stated that a pianist was wanted inside. Isabella's blue eyes gladdened. Here, at last, was a position. She powdered her slightly tilted nose, gave her coppery hair a few touches, and was about to enter when a hand was placed on her arm from behind and a voice that she knew came softly:

"I wouldn't go in there, Miss Trafter."

♦ ♦ ♦

SHE faced about quickly and saw the sympathetic countenance of David Lynden.

"Why, Mr. Lynden?" she murmured. "Why shouldn't I go in there?"

He smiled a smile that was wholly sad.

"I've been afraid you'd get into some such wild district as this, because you don't know the city, and I've been spending a part of my time in guarding you secretly. This place is an old type of saloon and dance hall."

"Oh!" said Isabella, very gratefully. "Oh! And I'm so much obliged to you." She accepted the arm he proffered her and they hastened away.

As they went toward their boarding-house Lynden tried to dissipate the distraughtness of the girl's mind by talking to her continuously. All there was to tell about himself he told her. He had two

separate lives; one of them was that of assistant superintendent of a big lumber mill in one of the city's suburbs, the other was the life of an inventor. For a year he had been using his spare time in a little shop, less than a block from Mrs. O'Connell's, inventing a compound steam engine which he believed would completely revolutionize the world of steam engines. If she cared to see his model, he would be delighted to show it to her. Superintendent Brunne of the mill that employed him had seen it; and Brunne had been so taken with it that he had offered a snug sum of money for a half interest.

"Poor old father used to tell us," Isabella said reminiscently, "that there came a time in the life of every normal man when he felt that he simply had to invent something or write a book."

"I hope to get several thousands out of the sale of my engine," Lynden went on pleasantly. "If I do, I'll be made part owner of the mill, I think. My employer is growing old, and he'll have to take in either Brunne or me some day; and the fellow who has the most money to invest in the business will be chosen. By the way, Miss Trafter, if you'll make a stenographer of yourself, I'll get a place for you in the mill offices. Will you?"

Isabella entered a stenographic school on the following morning.

Months went by. Isabella Trafter had been given and was holding a position in the mill offices. The mill owner was delighted with her services, and she and David Lynden had come to like each other so much that each was lonesome without the other. Isabella was herding her dollars carefully; she still had an eye to winning old Joe Trafter's five thousand.

One Sunday morning Lynden came to Isabella with joyful tidings. The model of his engine was ready to be sent to a patent attorney in Washington. He was proud of this work of his brain and hands and he wanted her to see it.

She went with him to the little shop. He was almost boyishly enthusiastic. He explained the workings of his invention as they walked along:

"It has two cylinders of different sizes. Steam is let into the smaller cylinder

first, then it is passed on to the larger—"

He ran on with it, and Isabella listened attentively.

They halted at the shop's door, and Lynden produced a key. Another moment and they were standing in the center of a floor that was littered with shavings, pieces of wood, bits of iron and tools. Then David Lynden turned a white face toward his companion.

"It's gone!" he said tragically. "It has been stolen!"

"Brunne!" said the girl. She hadn't liked the man.

"No," Lynden disagreed. "I don't believe he'd do it."

Lynden bent his head. The work of his spare time for a year and a half, and his earnings for a year and a half, and those golden hopes of his—all this was in his model, and his model was gone.

♦ ♦ ♦

I'M SORRY for you, David," Isabella said almost tenderly. "Couldn't you make drawings, and obtain your patent from them?"

"One must have a model," answered Lynden. Brunne had told him that. "I found that same window open one morning," Lynden continued, "and now I understand. Somebody has been making a copy of my model, and my model has been stolen in order to allow the copy to get to Washington first!"

It was not a bad guess.

All through the next day Isabella watched Marvin Brunne, whom she still suspected of the theft. She studied him, tried to read his thoughts by the signs on his yellowish countenance. Brunne seemed more preoccupied than usual. As the afternoon wore down Isabella formulated a wee plan and decided to act upon it. The model's copy, she knew, would soon be shipped out of New Orleans. Just at the time for closing the office Isabella approached Brunne and said to him in a low voice:

"Will you send it by rail or by boat?"

Brunne jerked himself upward, and Isabella's quick perception read guilt in his eyes.

"What do you mean?" he asked uneasily.

"That shipment of lumber to Memphis," smiled Isabella.

Brunne looked distinctly relieved.

"By rail, Miss Trafter," he said. "You may go, Miss Trafter, when you like."

She saw that he wanted her to go, and she wondered why. Well, she would go—straight to David Lynden, to tell him that which she had to tell him. She put on her picture hat, powdered her nose and left her vanity box lying on her

looked at the floor, as though words forsook him at this exhibition of man's inguining suspicions.

"Mamma," said Mrs. Bernstein, "this ain't right, and what does it look like your marrying a man twenty years younger—a man drawing in boats from a park pond? What sort of a man is that?"

"He is a man," returned Mrs. Kahn. "You know your Talmud so well to quote it all the time, well then don't it say, 'The place honors not the man, 'tis the man who gives honor to the place?'"

"He looks for a soft berth only," said Mr. Bernstein.

Mr. Silverman, still standing, clad in his long overcoat, spoke again.

"You do me wrong, Mr. Bernstein; what do I care for money. I make an income of my own."

"Income!" scoffed Mr. Bernstein. "A man pulling in boats don't make incomes!"

Mrs. Kahn suddenly sat up very straight.

"This talk I will not have," she announced. "Emanuel is a fine man, who cares only for me. Say that is so, Emanuel."

"It is so," he said, looking about proudly. "Money it is nothing to me; property it is nothing to me; only my bride."

"You see!" cried Mrs. Kahn, rocking violently in her triumph.

"Very well," said Mrs. Bernstein; "what shall it be you live on when the pond freezes itself in winter?"

"We manage," said Mr. Silverman largely. "There are always places to visit, God be thanked."

"You see the schnorrer he is!" cried Mr. Bernstein. "To visit around in the winter, so he may eat, but not here; is that not so, Retta?"

"Only mamma," said Mrs. Bernstein. "And now do you marry this schnorrer, mamma?"

Before Mrs. Kahn could reply Mr. Silverman spoke in great dignity.

"What is it you want of me?" he cried, and then dramatically raised his arms high. "Schnorrer you call me!" Tears came into his eyes.

"You are foolish so to cry," said Mrs. Bernstein. "You should just prove it you are a man. Tomorrow we go by the lawyer, Mr. Hirsch, saying you give up all right to mamma's property."

"Tomorrow I go," said Mr. Silverman, lowering his arms. "Tomorrow your

\*Professional beggar.

lawyer may to draw up a paper to show my honor." And then: "Good night, my Rachel. It is we meet again at your lawyer's office."

The two ladies, Mrs. Bernstein and Mrs. Kahn, sat together in Mr. Hirsch's office the following morning, awaiting

*Mr. Hirsch rose; his careful English slipped away.*



the appearance of the bridegroom, who was to manage an hour's leave of absence from his onerous duties at the park pond.

Mr. Hirsch had drawn up the marriage settlement, leaving two blanks for signatures, a paper in which Mr. Silverman agreed to give up all right to his bride's property.

The door opened and Mr. Silverman entered in his long, enshrouding overcoat, though the windows in Mr. Hirsch's office were open and an electric fan whirling. Mrs. Kahn, with becoming pride, spoke his name to Mr. Hirsch.

"I'm very pleased to know you, Mr. Hirsch," said Mr. Silverman, drawing a chair close to Mrs. Kahn. "But it is that I am cut to the heart that a lawyer is necessary in my love affair. My motives are so pure."

"Well, that's all right," said Mr. Hirsch; "there's nothing I've drawn up

"Yes, yes; that's all right—that's all right. And just as it should be."

Triumphantly Mrs. Kahn glanced over at her daughter, to be recalled by Mr. Silverman's sudden exclamation.

"But, Mr. Hirsch, what I don't just understand. You must excuse me; I am so ignorant. The property is all right;

my bride should dispose of her property as she wants; some day perhaps her heirs may be generous to her husband what is left. But the income what is hers? You don't say anything about the income."

"No," said Mr. Hirsch. "Her income is tied up so that even a new husband can't get at it. Sign the lower line, please."

"Yes, the lower line," said Mr. Silverman, but making no attempt to reach the pen and ink. He rose slowly. "I am in love with my Rachel, Mr. Hirsch, and her money it is nothing to me; it is only my honor I care for." He folded the marriage settlement in his fingers and looked down at Mrs. Kahn. "Rachel," he said, "so that all shall be right, I take this paper over to a friend of mine, a lawyer, so he sees everything is up and beyond board. You cannot blame me for that?"

Mrs. Kahn, still ensmored, shook her head.

"I will wait here for you, Emanuel."

"Yes, Rachel, I come back soon." He lifted her coat from a near-by chair, put it tenderly about her shoulders. "You must not take cold," he said, and went away.

A half hour later Mr. Silverman returned. His was a sad figure, and his eyes were dim with actual tears. He held the paper in his hands and approached Mrs. Kahn.

"I give it back to you," he said in a tremulous voice. "For the last time I look upon one who did not trust me."

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Hirsch gruffly.

"My friend the lawyer says the paper is binding; there is no loophole," said Mr. Silverman. He walked toward the door, his shoulders moving. "This it is more than I can bear, that my bride should not trust me."

Mrs. Bernstein sprang up suddenly.

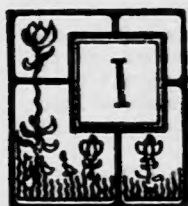
"Come, mamma!" she cried to the crestfallen old Juliet. "God be thanked for your escape." She cast an acrimonious glance at Mr. Silverman. "Remember what it is the Talmud says, 'An ass shivers in July!'"

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## WHY MARRY?

Written by H. L. Gates from the play

By Jesse Lynch Williams



IMPULSIVELY Helen stepped toward Dr. Hamilton and lifted her arms as if to throw herself into his embrace. But he drew back.

"A moment ago," he said slowly and earnestly, "I

thought I loved you as much as man could love woman. I already had partly given in to you. I was mistaken, though, in you. I was mistaken in myself. For it is only now that I know to what height a man's love can rise. You are superb—wonderful!"

Helen, fearful when he avoided her arms, now clapped her hands in an ecstasy of joy.

"Then you agree with me—you will let me go?" she cried.

"Of course I will let you go," he said, taking her into his arms and holding her tightly, "and of course I do not agree with you. Don't you suppose I understand you? That you want to make this wonderful sacrifice for my sake? Therefore, for your sake, I will not agree to any such a thing. Do you think I could let you, of all women, do anything for either your sake or mine that you're sure to regret later?"

"Then you won't ask me to marry you, Ernest. We'd both regret that later. It

would destroy the two things that have brought us together—love and work. Must we be hypocrites because others are? Must we, too, be cowards, and take on the protective coloring of our species? Do you want society's rewards? Do you fear society's punishments? Are you a coward?"

Ernest took her in his arms again much as a parent would reward a spoiled child for a precocious witticism. The man in him could not be restrained its expression of protective courage.

"With you in my arms," he cried jubilantly, "I want nothing from heaven,

and I fear nothing from hell. But, my dear"—he came down to earth abruptly—"consider the price! I could pay if I might, and would, but always it is the woman who pays, and I am not willing to let you."

Helen drew herself up with a splendid show of self-justification. She spoke as might a queen sending forth her commands to an empire.

"Even though you may not be willing to let me pay, if pay there must be—you will have to. I am going with you to Paris, Ernest—if you will let me. And I must go on my own terms."

"You will go with me—as my wife—or not at all!" There was cold, harsh finality in Ernest's voice as he shattered Helen's dream of martyrdom to her "new" ideals. It was the automatic, dis-

stumbling grateful nothings. One thought was uppermost in his jumbled brain as he trudged back to the campus.

"Come again," she had said.

Dr. Scotchbrook was amazed at the sudden interest Evan took in scientific research. He was not a brilliant pupil, but he became the most diligent in his class. He pattered endlessly in the laboratories in the afternoons, and found complex excuses for dropping in on the professor of an evening. Anyone but Simeon Scotchbrook would have divined the young man's intentions, but Verna was always a mere child to her father. He could not conceive of anyone courting her.

Phoebe was not so blind. When Evan's calls became habitual she summoned her courage and broached the self-reliant girl, whom she had never understood.

"Evan Winters is a fine young man," she said timidly one afternoon when Verna had returned from the office early and was setting the supper table. "Do you—could you—are you interested in him, daughter?"

The girl caught the older woman around the waist and hugged her with a ferocity that was painful.

"Mammy, darling," she laughed, "keep your precious, romantic old nose out of my affairs—will you? Evan is a nice, sober, steady sort of a person who can be relied upon to see me home from night school three times a week. Beyond that—her blue eyes danced with devilish merriment—"il n'est pas rien."

Foreign words thrown into the conversation always roused Phoebe's gentle soul to wrath. She abhorred the little red book of French phrases Verna carried around with her and loathed the mystery that surrounded their pronunciation almost as much as she loathed the technical names her husband gave to plants and diseases.

"Please use English when you address me," she said shortly; "I've no time for folderol."

The subject of Evan's courtship dropped abruptly.

During the first few months after the United States declared war on Germany the university scarcely realized that the country was mobilizing. Students registered for the coming quarter as usual, and the few who resigned and entered training camps were not missed.

Summer vacation came and passed, and Evan Winters returned to the university after a restless period of potato growing on his father's farm. The draft law had gone into effect and the government had not selected him for service. He rejoiced at his return to his studies and Verna.

Being a presentist, Verna had taken her war duties somewhat more seriously than most of the women and girls in her town. She had been among the first to knit socks, and Evan found her giving "food conservation" addresses several times a week in the churches and halls. She was glad to welcome him after his vacation, but she disapproved of his civilian clothes and hinted that a uniform would be becoming.

Before he could decide on a course of

action, however, Henri Gunkel came, and after that nothing seemed to matter. Henri Gunkel was in the United States on a diplomatic mission for the French government, and had been sent to the university on a mysterious errand. He kept his business to himself, but he spent long hours in secret consultation with various members of the faculty, and became quite the man of the hour. His accent fascinated.

He met Verna.

six-foot American who had once courted her daughter and throw herself on his mercy. She felt that he ought to assist her in the ejection of this well-groomed, smooth-tongued, black-mustached stranger.

Gunkel and Verna were coming out of a moving picture theater one night when Evan passed them. He raised his hat and hurried by like a sulky boy.

"May I ask the name of your friend, mademoiselle?" Gunkel inquired politely;

Faderowski had played he would have remarked, "That man is good on the piano." Do you see what I mean? He never indulges in subtleties. He avoids them as he would the smallpox. He is a big, generous, great-hearted bore."

Gunkel twirled his mustache. He did not speak at once. Perhaps he was afraid of saying the obvious. Perhaps he was thinking how pretty the girl before him really was. Her dark furs and high coloring made her unusually attractive.

"If mademoiselle has finished, we will go," he suggested.

In the hallway of the Scotchbrook cottage he caught her little brown-gloved hands and drew her toward him with a swift movement that amazed and alarmed her. Before she could protest his lips were on hers.

"Je vous aime, ma petite," he whispered over and over, "I love you, my little one."

Verna lay awake half the night wondering if she had done wrong to permit his caress. She realized that she knew nothing about the man except the few facts he had chosen to tell her, but she had accepted his statements concerning his mission in America in perfect faith. She had also acceded to his request that she keep the understanding between them a secret until he had fulfilled the purpose for which he had come to the university. It was the mystery about him that fascinated.

Evan, meanwhile, had undergone a change of heart concerning the war. His apathy had fallen from him as he listened to a recruiting speech on a street corner one night, and he had done the thing that seemed the obvious duty of every loyal American. He had surrendered himself to Uncle Sam, followed the recruiting officer to a banner-draped cigar store, and signed himself into the United States Navy for

a period of four years. He was happier than he had been for months when he left the cigar store.

He passed his physical examination on a Monday. He was told that he would leave town in less than a week. He wondered if he could see Verna to say good-by.

Dr. Scotchbrook was pleasantly surprised when he heard that Evan had enlisted in the navy. He met his ex-chemistry pupil on the campus and congratulated him heartily.

"Best of luck to you, Winters," he said. "I wish I were a little younger and I would join you. Ah, well. We shall all have a part to play in this war. I am doing my bit—in a way. It's a very confidential matter, Evan, but you were always so much interested in my experiments that I feel I must tell you something. I have discovered a new and remarkably powerful explosive."

"Indeed? I'm mighty glad, professor." Evan smiled as he thought of his simulated interest in science. He was glad when the doctor ceased chattering about acids and gases and released him.

"Drop in and say good-by before you go," the professor urged as they parted. "Verna will expect you."

Several nights later Henri Gunkel and the girl whom he declared must one day become his wife chose to stroll toward



*In the hallway of the Scotchbrook cottage he caught her little hands and drew her toward him with a suddenness that alarmed her.*

Evan's honest heart bled with jealousy, but he was wise enough to pretend indifference. When it became apparent that his rival was welcome at the Scotchbrook cottage seven nights a week he buried his head in his textbooks and swallowed his defeat manfully. He told himself that Henri Gunkel was more nearly worthy of Verna's affections than he could ever hope to be. He failed to convince himself of the truth of this statement, but he abandoned his habit of dropping in at the doctor's home on all occasions.

"And she doesn't even miss me," he muttered bitterly as he passed the cottage of an evening and glimpsed Henri Gunkel seated at the warped piano. "The Frenchman has won her for good and all."

Had Evan cared to investigate, he might have found an ally in Verna's camp. Mrs. Scotchbrook took to her bedroom the instant Henri Gunkel appeared on the horizon and buried her head in her pillows to shut out the sound of his voice. She disliked him unaccountably, and his "gibberish," as she called it, gave her a headache and a headache. She yearned for the courage to summon the

"I mean the big young fellow—I'enfant tres grand—with the doglike devotion in his eyes. He is one of your worshipers, n'est-ce pas?"

Evan Winters? He's a dear good friend of mine. He has only one fault, but I have found that unforgivable. Shall I tell you what he is like?"

"By all means, mademoiselle."

Henri Gunkel had steered Verna's elbow gracefully toward an ice cream parlor, and she ordered a glass of soda water before she leaned back in her chair and cartooned Evan rapidly for her escort's benefit.

"Evan never had an original idea," she stated calmly, "and he never will have one. He follows the crowd. He says nothing new, does nothing new, wears nothing new and thinks nothing new. I can tell what he is going to say long before he says it. His remark is always the obvious one."

Henri Gunkel smiled.

"For instance, mademoiselle?"

"Oh, I can give you plenty of examples. When we came out of the movies tonight he would have said, 'Charlie Chaplin is a great comedian, isn't he? If we had come from a concert where

missing a subject as finally and unemotionally as he would epitomize the result of a laboratory culture.

Helen gasped.

"You can't mean it," she pleaded. "Not now, after all I've said and done. I've told the family; I relied upon you, Ernest—I took it for granted. Ernest, dear, you couldn't leave me behind now?"

"Thanks to you and what you have made of me; your love and the great love you have engendered in me, I must and will leave you unless you consent to marriage."

For an instant Helen wavered between her ideals and her love. She averted toward the man who demanded that she be saved from herself—even at the expense of his happiness. Once she almost surrendered, then caught herself just in time.

"I am just as true to myself, Ernest, and my knowledge of what is best for you as I am to my love for you," she said with infinite pain in every word but a great determination. "If you will not have me, I am sorry. Good-by!"

She held out her hand. Ernest took it, kissed it and dropped it. His "Good-by" was hoarse and broken as he hurried out of the garden. Helen stood motionless, watching the spot where her eyes had lost him until she heard the whirr of the automobile engine and the stir of its getting under way. Then she sank upon a bench and buried her face in her hands, giving way to utter despair.

As Dr. Hamilton sped away in his taxi John, from where he and his guests had taken themselves to permit Helen and Ernest to have their interview, caught a glimpse of the disappearing car. With Lucy, the judge and Theodore, John at once hurried back to where he had left his sister when Dr. Hamilton was announced. Lucy comprehended the state of affairs at a glance.

"He ran away from her; he was revolted; just what I said!" Lucy exclaimed, woman like, unable to control her elation at an outcome which, no matter how painful it might have been to Helen, at least justified her predictions. John, too, was delighted when he realized the meaning of Helen's defection in its relation to the hurried departure of Dr. Hamilton. He gloated frankly.

"Well, what did I tell you?" he said almost brutally to Helen. "I said he'd have none of you when he learned what your notions of virtuous love were, didn't I?"

"With one excuse or another," Lucy added, "he'll stay away. He'll never come back to you now."

Helen raised her head defiantly.

"He will come back," she said. "He is coming now—coming back to me. He has relented; he has realized; he has come to his better senses—I feel him near me, nearer—he is here!"

Helen had not turned her head. She did not see that Ernest had, indeed, returned; that he stood silently taking in the scene from the doorway entering into the garden from the house. Neither did John nor any of the others see him. John laughed cruelly at what, apparently, was Helen's fantastic hope. He remained turned toward her.

"He will never come back. He is through with you, as any other honorable man would be. And I don't blame him. It shows he's a man after all. I'm a man and I know how he feels. Like me, he can have no respect for a woman who would sell herself so cheap!"

"You lie!" Just two words, quick and

sharp, came from the steps where Dr. Hamilton stood. He took one step toward the group. All turned, astounded.

Helen, with a great, impulsive eagerness, ran toward Ernest with a cry of joy. John sought to stop her. Then again Ernest spoke, throwing out his arm to bar John from laying a hand upon the young woman who had sprung toward him.

"Stop!" he commanded. "You are not fit to touch her. No man is!"

John laughed sarcastically.

\* \* \*

**H**UMPH! I suppose that is why you ran away and left her here alone, crying her eyes out."

"Yes, that is why I ran away," Ernest returned; "because I was a man and tried to protect her from myself."

"Then why have you come back?"

"Because, again, I am a man, and because I know she needs protection far more from you than from me." He folded her in his arms now and held her close. Across her shoulder he looked sternly at the quartet of her relatives. "You are all cowards and hypocrites. When I started away I saw, in a flash, just this sort of thing—this kind of scene. I could not leave her to fight you alone."

Helen lifted her head from where he had buried it.

"I made you come; I made you see what would happen to me. I knew I could do it. It is the power of our love!"

John, stung by the contempt expressed

and that day we, Helen and I, will make our declaration of love to all the world, freely, frankly, and with all the pride we have in each other's faith and trust."

"In my home?" cried John. "Not if I know it!" Again John would have advanced upon Dr. Hamilton had not the judge restrained him.

"Play for time, John," the judge whispered; "play for time. Trust to him; he'll bring her around—that's why he wants a week."

John, however, could not be turned from his purpose. He was beyond diplomacy. He turned fiercely upon the scientist.

"Do you intend to marry her or not?" he demanded. "Speak my language—drop your play acting. Tell me, her brother and her guardian, whether or not you are going to make her your wife or your—"

Helen flinched in Dr. Hamilton's arms as John approached the ugly word. Lucy clasped her hands to her ears and shuddered, and Theodore raised his hands to protest when he knew what John was about to say. But Dr. Hamilton spared them all the disgraceful intimation.

"That is for her to answer, and not for you to decide," he interrupted.

All turned to Helen, as if for her answer then and there. And she gave it.

"My decision was made before this happened. We shall not be married!"

John turned again upon Ernest.

"You snake!" he shouted; "get out of my house! I will not have you defiling

with him, it's all over—she's gone for good, or bad," he said with deeper meaning than even his words expressed.

"When she goes, she goes to stay—for she will then be no sister of mine," John returned sullenly. "I'll acknowledge or harbor no woman who will give herself to a man without marriage!"

"Give!" cried Helen, facing them all, her hand clutched tightly around Dr. Hamilton's. "But if I sold myself, as you are forcing little Jean to do, to a young libertine she does not love and who does not love her, that would not be a sin! That would be respectability! To urge and aid her to entrap a man into marriage by playing the shameless tricks of the only trade men want women to learn—the trade of matrimony. But to give yourself of your own free will to the man you love and trust and can help—the man who loves and needs you, and has won the right to have you—oh, if that is such a sin that I am no longer worthy of your house, my brother, then I shall live and die a sinner—disowned!"

John would have replied with some new condemnation, but the judge gripped his arm tightly. Theodore, too, would have interfered, but with his other arm the judge waved him back.

"Let them go—now that you have made it impossible for her to stay. I have faith yet," the judge admonished the two men. Even as he finished Helen and Ernest disappeared around the house, and the taxicab's engine again gave warning of its departure.

Helen and Dr. Hamilton were gone, together, to solve their love problem in their own revolutionary way.

\* \* \*

CHAPTER IV.

**T**HE departure of Ernest and Helen, hand in hand, Helen professing her determination to enter into a wedlock with Ernest unsanctioned by the church and the laws of society, left her brother John and those who witnessed her dramatic exit aghast.

Before her family rose the vision of social ostracism, the sneers, shrugs and "cold shoulders" of their friends. To John this was a fore vision of financial calamity, since his fortunes were built upon his relations with the rich members of that powerful circle which he was wont to refer to bombastically as "the best families."

To Lucy it meant the crumbling of her plans for social conquests by her sister-in-law, little Jean. Lucy and Theodore, too, felt a deep hurt in the appearance of moral laxity, to which they accredited Helen's desire to be a wife in fact but not in name.

The judge and Theodore were immediately included in a family conference, held behind closed doors, where Jean might not surprise their secret. Physical restraint of Helen was the only solution John could hit upon. To him the thought of private detectives, pursuit, an overtaking and violence, if necessary, to prevent Helen from sacrificing herself to her theories of love and true marriage was natural. The judge advised more conservative methods of persuasion, but John would not listen.

It was quite a few miles to the city, where Helen's apartment and Dr. Hamilton's rooms were, and it appeared certain they would visit both before their plans for an elopement could mature.

John telephoned to the city to the office of a private detective agency and ordered the young people put under surveillance as soon as their car could arrive at the city limits. The judge proposed that he should follow in another car, and, if possible, overtake them, trying to arrive at some plan of action in the meantime.

It was evident to both Theodore and Lucy, although John was not in a state of mind to notice it, that the judge already had arrived at some solution of the



"You will go with me as my wife—or not at all!"

by Dr. Hamilton, advanced upon him menacingly.

"By what right are you in my home?" he demanded. "By what right do you take my sister in your arms?"

"By a right more ancient than man-made law!" Dr. Hamilton declared loftily. "I have come to the cry of my mate. I'm here to fight for the happiness and security of the woman I love. My trip to Paris is postponed. One week from today you may gather all your family and your friends here, in your own home,

my womenfolk and guests with your infamous presence!"

"This is your property—I shall have to obey you," replied Ernest, releasing Helen. But Helen only clung to him the closer.

"When you go, I go, too," she said simply. "I am not my brother's property."

The judge, who had watched the developing storm calmly, touched John's shoulder.

"If she leaves this house now, and

affair, but one which he evidently wished to keep to himself for the moment. While his car was being prepared for a quick dash after the elopers he asked the Mason butler to prepare the garden for a dinner party, to hang festoons of Japanese lanterns and deck the terrace with flowers.

When the judge had disappeared John turned his attention to the state of affairs between Jean and Rex. He knew that Rex's father, the millionaire head of the Baker family, would never consent to his son's marriage into a family which harbored such a scandal as that which the elopement of Helen and Ernest, without the saving grace of a marriage ceremony, threatened. Lucy, too, saw this marriage gradually fading into the land of unrealized dreams.

"If only Uncle Everett succeeds in catching them before it is too late—if only he will persuade them to change their minds," Lucy wailed. "Tomorrow will be too late—then it will be in the newspapers. Think of the ghastly headlines. I see them now—'Well Known Scientist; Beautiful Daughter of a Prominent Family!' Oh, what will people say?"

"The newspapers will not hear about it," John declared. "No one will hear about it. We will say Helen has simply returned to Paris to complete her studies. Every one knows Dr. Hamilton is going abroad. My press agent—he will attend to that."

Theodore, too worried to remain in the house, joined John and Lucy just in time to overhear John's plan to keep the scandal from becoming public. He would not be convinced.

"But there will be questions, rumors, gossip—every one will know the truth, even if they do not talk about it to our faces. It's bound to come out in time."



*"Oh, if that is such a sin, my brother, then I shall live and die a sinner—disowned!"*

"Yes," admitted John, "in time. But, meanwhile, if Rex marries Jean, the Bakers will have to stand for it, and they will have to help us hush it up. They will make other people stand for it. Our position in the world, my relations with old man Baker—everything depends upon little Jean now; she must marry Rex right away."

"No matter what the cost to you, John," said Theodore earnestly, "you

must never compel Jean to marry Rex. I am too true a believer in woman's right to marry the man she loves and the debasing principle of a loveless marriage to consent to a union between these two young people without love on both sides. Jean does not love him. She loves another, so it must be the other she marries."

"You would have her marry a penniless scrub still in school, with no pros-

pects and no hope of ever being able to take her out of his own kitchen?" protested John. "Such ideas are tomfoolery. They belong to a different age."

"That may be, to your way of thinking," Theodore returned quietly, "but not to mine. I will never prostitute my authority to join a man and woman in holy wedlock by marrying Jean and Rex. That is final."

"You will either marry them or you will lose your church. I will see to that. For I say now that Jean will marry Rex, and marry him as quick as it can be arranged—love or no love!"

Theodore would have replied in the same spirit as that manifested by John, and quite as much to the point of finality, had not Jean herself appeared in the doorway. She overheard her brother's closing threat. She turned appealingly to Theodore, but John interfered.

"Let Theodore go into the house, Jean," John said; "he has a telephone message to send. I want to talk to you."

"You want to tell me, I suppose," said Jean when Theodore had disappeared within the house, "that if I do not marry Rex you will cut off my allowance; turn me out of doors, make me an outcast!"

John tried the kindly tact.

"Now, Jean," he pleaded, "you have filled your head with romantic notions. I only want to give you the best of everything in life. I want you to feather your nest. I am not cruel or unreasonable. Rex is the proper husband for you. He has social position, and he has money."

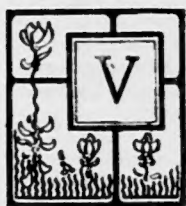
"Because he has money, does that give him the right to me?" Jean asked. "The right to purchase my body from my brother, when my soul must remain untouched?"

(To be concluded next week)  
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## THE OBVIOUS THING

By Dorothy Jefferson

Illustrated by F. McNelly



VERNA was a presentist. Do not misunderstand me. I do not mean that she was either a religious or a political crank. I mean that she was a very real, progressive, up-to-

the-minute girl, who had no time to dream over the past or cross the bridges of the future. She was the sort of a person who lives from day to day, taking life as it comes.

Dr. Simeon Scotchbrook, her father, was a futurist, and Phoebe Scotchbrook, her mother, was a pastist. The doctor taught chemistry in a state university and dwelled in an era of his own creation. Scientists said that his theories were "ahead of his time," and it is true that he pined for the day when things that are as miracles now shall be explained.

His wife, on the contrary, slumbered in memories of by-gone triumphs and pleasures. The paradise for which her sad old heart yearned was her irresponsible girlhood, flooded with the sunny devotion of the man who had become her owl-eyed, absent-minded husband.

And so they lived—pastist, presentist and futurist—in a quaint little vine-covered cottage on one of the streets that ran off at a tangent from the college campus. Their duties differed as widely as their dispositions.

Every morning at 7 o'clock sharp the doctor rose and donned the shiny broadcloth that he wore in the classroom. By the time he reached the dining-room Phoebe had placed his oatmeal in a deep blue saucer and was heating the milk before it. Before he had finished the front page of his morning paper she entered with his two soft boiled eggs and admonished him gently.

"Eat your breakfast, papa, while it's hot."

Shortly after the admonition Verna appeared. Unlike most girls of 19, she considered kimonos and negligees a waste of time, and was fully dressed for

the street. In cold weather she carried a coat over her arm and hung it on the back of her chair when she sat down to drink her coffee and eat some toast. Her businesslike air aroused her father more than her mother's pleading voice, and they finished breakfast together.

After the doctor had gone up the street to the campus, and Verna had gone down the street to the office where she worked as a stenographer, Mrs. Scotchbrook washed the dishes leisurely, and later drew a stool up to the warped piano with the wobbly keys. She had learned no new songs since "Annie Rooney" was in vogue.

Verna had chosen a business career in preference to a college education. With her consistently practical vision she had been able to see that something besides book learning is needed in the world today by the man or woman who aspires

to financial success. It was after due deliberation that she gave her days to a law office for the modest wage of \$15 a week. She made arrangements to attend night school at the university three times a week. Verna was ambitious.

If she had not made one very erroneous judgment it is probable there would never have been a story in her peaceful existence worth the telling. As it was she made one horrible mistake—and the university will not forget it. The campus is still buzzing with gossip of the affair.

Two men were the cause of it all. My story begins with the first call Evan Winters, from somewhere "downstate," made at the Scotchbrook home.

Evan Winters was a six-footer, broad of shoulder and bashful of manner. His trousers were baggy where they should have been tight. His coat was an inch too long. His shoes were round toed and unshined six days a week.

He did not know that Dr. Scotchbrook had a daughter. He called to borrow a chemistry manual one evening, and remained to eat fudge with Verna. He was completely fascinated by the trim, modestly dressed young woman who condescended to pity him. He stayed until she no longer tried to hide her yawns, and then stumbled backward out the door,

Evan always did the obvious thing. So when Verna finally woke up to the true situation he was right there on the job